



Blood Mountain



psychologicalhorror

109 0 5

Chapter 1 by Requiem

The jagged mountain stood tall against the bright blue of the sky. Charles gazed up at the peak, fascinated. He imagined himself up there, higher than anyone else, able to touch the heavens. The mountain was christened 'Blood Mountain', and for good reason - the hundreds of inexplicable deaths that happened at the summit each year. Each one more mysterious than the last. Charles and a colleague didn't believe in old wives' tales like these. They were hikers, not socialites. Both were determined to reach the top, and they were going to make sure nothing would stop them.

By the time they were at the midpoint of the mountain, it had begun to rain steadily. When they were almost at the peak, the rain turned to hail, and they had no choice but to try to find solace, away from the tightly packed globules of snow pounding down on them. The weather from the morning had instantly vanished; the clouds covered up the sun, casting a dark shadow on the hikers.. Snow began to fall down the mountain. It was an avalanche! Before they had anytime at all to react and duck for cover, Charles and his colleague were hit by the snow and it suffocated them in a blinding whiteness. Charles took out his ice pick and jammed it into the ice below. He immediately flung out his hand to his colleague. To his horror, he heard a scream and a thud. For

the first time in a while, Charles realized, he was all alone.

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colleague. His colleague, he recalls, is more than a hiking partner to him. No, was more than a hiking partner to him. Charles placed the photo on the snow and buried it. He then pulled out a picture of a smiling little girl, his step-daughter, whom had just turned three but a few months ago. And next to her was a striking woman, his fiancée. The chances of making it back alive home to them were now close to nil. He just wished he could have had a chance to say goodbye.

Crack. Charles turned his head, and his eyes grew wide. He stifled a scream. On the rocks was a mangled human corpse. The corpse' chest look like it had a large bite taken out of it. But what was most troubling - to Charles, at least - was that the corpse' flesh was fresh. The Thing, or whatever had killed it could not have gone far. The Thing - at least, he thought it had to be some monster that killed the person - surely, no one could fall and get killed like that. He slowly back away and tried not to look back at the dead human carcass that had been so gruesomely killed.

Charles crawled up to the rock, trying to forget that his friend was still there and found a cave and he crawled in. The cave had a horrible stench to it and when he turned on his headlight he saw why. Two dead bodies were in there, and one person's entire head was missing while the other was missing his arm.

He quickly scrambled out and climbed higher, he was sure that whatever was out there was going to kill him next.

Charles curled up into a little ball and drifted into a fitful sleep. His dreams were plagued with the events of the past few days. He was chased by an unseen monster, he ran and ran, but as fast as he could, he could not get away. In the end darkness swallowed him, and the last thing that he heard was his daughter crying. Charles woke up panting, he uncurled from his fetal position and the first thing he saw was the lifeless eyes of his colleague. In his haste to get away from the dead bodies in the cave, he had ran to his colleague's body, and fell asleep.

To his horror, a finger was missing from his colleague's hand, something had been here when he was asleep.

He scrambled to the ledge and was just about to pull up when he decided to drag his dead friend along. Just in case that thing decided to come again.

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He walked on and on, the peak was there, just out of reach. He kept on looking back, thinking that something would come up to him and kill him. On the path to the top, the trails were littered with corpses, that looked half eaten. And they were fresh.

Delirious with hunger, he began to see things at the sides of his eyes. Shadows flitting through the trees, but as soon as he turned his head, they disappeared. He trudged through the snow, pausing every so often to rest, but then immediately got up, in fear of The Thing crawling up to him and devouring him.

He thought of all of the lies he told, of all of the people he had hurt, he had been a horrible person, maybe he didn't deserve to live.

No, he said to himself, they were mistakes, everyone makes them, just because you did those things doesn't make you a bad person. He walked on, carrying his friend's body with him, he was going to bury him at the top of this mountain, so even though he was dead, his friend would have achieved his dream. To have conquered this mountain.

Lost in his thoughts, he fell into a crevasse at the side of the mountain, and he soon found himself in the dark. He pulled on the rope that he had secured, but the rope fell, something had cut it. Charles turned his headlight on and looked around, it was just a cave, a cave that didn't hold any dead things(VAish you can change this part if you want, like you can put dead people in this cave, I don't really care.) Carrying his friend, he scrambled to the far corner of the cave, and turned off his headlight. Charles waited in that cave, he waited for that thing to come, and kill him.

Charles spent the day in that cave, he finally got the courage, and stepped outside. As soon as he did, he felt as if something was watching him, he turned around, but there was nothing behind him. HE felt as if something was stalking him, something dangerous, something that killed humans, and ate them.

Charles could only stare in horror at what was in front of him, dead bodies were littered everywhere, some were missing some of their limbs, while others were just skeletons, with pieces of meat still left on them. They all looked fresh. Charles backed up against the cave and went to sleep. Wishing that this living nightmare would end.

As soon as he fell asleep, another nightmare began. The storm was whistling around him,

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fresh, while others were significantly older. The skin chipped off, revealing the bones. Charles walked, but he couldn't find the end of this place. The dead bodies taunting him, goading him.

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